

Nothing Else Matters by midnightwriter

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Summary:

"Then there was Billy Hargrove. Complicated would be an understatement to describe that boy that he had loved a decade ago. Steve didn't expect to fall in love with Billy of all people, but it happened."

Ten years after "Affection", Steve and Billy meet again.

You don't have to read the first part to understand this one, but there are some references between them

Nothing Else Matters

Author's Note:

- For [donamorte](#).

This fic follows "Affection", the first piece of this series. You don't have to read it to understand this one, but there are some references between them. Also, "Affection" is lighter and funny, so you might need to read it to go through some of the angst in this one. Sorry.

Title from the song "Nothing Else Matters", by Metallica.

J was my lovely and supportive beta! But English isn't my first language, so I appreciate if you point any lasting mistakes and typos. Hope you enjoy!

It was July of 1995, the weather was warm and not in the most pleasant of ways. Steve opened the front door, entering his luxurious apartment and went straight to the fridge. He took a beer and smiled sadly, thinking about how that brand used to be his father's favorite and, until this day, Steve didn't know if his own preference for it was born out of taste or just because he missed his dad and wanted to have something in common, something to remember.

He turned the radio on and "This Ain't a Love Song" started to play. That was just his luck, that this song would play after Ally broke up with him. Really, Steve didn't know why he was so sad about it, it wasn't his first broken heart or even the fourth. He just didn't have any luck in the love department and he should be used to it by now.

His first love was at High School, Nancy Wheeler. He still kept in touch with her because of their jobs, he was a social worker - against his parents' will - and she was a lawyer, working for the State. In the end, they both shared a love for justice and for the right thing, even if they had never been able to love each other. Well, she didn't love him. He had loved her and it had hurt like hell back then.

Then there was Billy Hargrove. Complicated would be an understatement to describe that boy that he had loved a decade ago. Steve didn't expect to fall in love with Billy of all people, but it happened.

He sat on the couch and remembered their first kiss, all those years ago, on the parking lot of Hawkins' middle school having a bunch of 13-years-old as witnesses. He touched his lips, wet because of the beer and sweet from the memory.

Billy had loved him back, had even said that to him first, but he was and would always be the one that got away. The one that ran away, to be more precise. He was there one day and wasn't the next. He disappeared from Hawkins like he had never existed, leaving behind a broken-hearted Steve and a Metallica tape in his player. Steve went looking for him in the Up Side Down, in jail, in hospitals, in morgues, in the near cities, but he never found him. And his heart ached all over again just thinking about that.

What hurt the most was not knowing why he had left. Steve gathered that it had something to do with the boy's father, although Max never told him what she knew and neither did the Sheriff. Two weeks later, the Hargrove family was out of the city never to be seen again. He still could see the tears in Lucas' and Max's eyes when she said her goodbyes. Everyone had tears in their eyes, to be honest, it's just that he liked to remember that he wasn't the only one left with a broken heart at the time, even if it was cruel to think of things like that.

Then college came and he was convinced by Nancy that he should open his heart again, allow it to be broken rather than keep it cold. It all sounded very beautiful back then, even if it was incredibly painful and ironic that his ex-girlfriend was giving him relationship advice.

He chose to become a social worker around that time, certain that devoting himself to help kids and teens to find better families and lives was a right choice. His parents didn't like it very much, they said he was wasting their money with such a low-income job in the future. He rebelled at this, refusing their money and even spending a few holidays away from them. Ms. Henderson more than welcomed him to all holidays, opening up her house and her heart to him just as easily as her son Dustin did.

Those were a couple of rough years, not enough money and almost quitting college a few times. He didn't know if he would've survived those years without the help of Nancy, who went to the same college as his. He liked to think that she wouldn't have survived without him either. After she and Jonathan broke up, mostly because of the distance between their campi and all the issues that it brought, she was a mess. It hurt to think that didn't act like that after she and he broke up, but he chastised himself. He had loved her and would never wish for her to be hurt like that again.

During those hard years, love wasn't a priority. Everything was so difficult, contrary to his life from before - even if his previous life included monsters from other dimensions that tried to kill him and his friends on a monthly base -, he simply gave up on trying to find love. Which was, obviously, when it found him again.

Her name was April, she had perfect teeth and the most beautiful of smiles. She was a dance major, a ballerina, all soft lines and inner strength. She had loved him and he had loved her but, when he got the news from his parents crash and had to attend the funeral of two people he hadn't seen in over two years, it broke him beyond fixing. All the love in the world couldn't cure his guilt or his sadness. So she left him for happier people, whatever that was.

After their deaths, Steve lost his ground for some time. Unable to leave his tiny old apartment for almost two weeks, losing a test and the deadline for a paper. Almost failing his classes. He loved his parents, but the melancholy that overcame him had been unexpected. They were never around when he was a kid or a teenager. They would come and go from their mansion, rarely bothering to take him with them.

He always had almost anything he wanted, from food to the best and most expensive toys, but their attention wasn't one of those things he could have. He tried to get it many times in the past: painting their pristine white walls with red paint, destroying some of their favorite books, throwing away their letters, not answering their calls, arranging huge parties that would certainly destroy some furniture and the list could go on. However, it never worked. They would chastise him for some minutes, ask for him to apologize and buy something new to fix whatever had been broken.

The fact that he had been a brat until his sixteen wasn't a huge surprise to anyone and he used to blame it all on his parents, relieving himself from the guilt. Only after dating Nancy and alienating himself from some of his worst companies, he was able to let that go and become the man he was today. A man that didn't need his parent's approval and followed his dreams.

The cost of that independence had been expensive. He ignored them, their calls, their letters and their money. He shut himself to them and by the irony of destiny or god he would never receive a call or a letter from them again. He deprived himself from the last years of their lives, even if he would get nothing more than a few glances and small talks. He missed these little situations that never happened, but now were haunting him daily. During those first months after their deaths, grief would feed the guilty and guilty would feed the pain and it went on and on, until he started attending counseling regularly.

Later, came Nathan. He was gorgeous and politically involved in every single thing happening in their city and around the world. He was passionate about so many things, including Steve. At first, Steve didn't want anything with him, he was too emotionally sore from grief to let any of those walls come down to someone. Even if his parents' inheritance had made life somewhat easier again, the rest of him wasn't prepared to deal with any more feelings.

But Nathan was a psychology major who a great person and respected his time, helping him through some of the worst days of his life. Honestly, falling in love with him wasn't even a choice, it had been involuntary and beautiful. Right until it wasn't.

Steve still could taste the tears he shed so long ago when he caught Nathan cheating on him with some dude. He didn't like to think about it because it stung his eyes all over again. The worst was not being able to understand how a man who claimed to love him for so long, even before Steve returned his feelings, could just move on like that, right after winning his heart.

Nancy had been the one to console him after that particular break-up, cheering him up like he did to her after Jonathan. She was dating a guy named Jason at the time, a very sweet man who was studying to

be a veterinarian. However, Jason had always been jealous of her and Steve, for some reason, and Steve tried not to laugh at this ridiculous idea that Nancy would leave any guy for him. He thought that he should probably work on his self-esteem.

She and Jason had a fight about Steve around those days, one that almost made them separate. Steve had to make the guy comprehend that they were nothing but good friends. It surprised him when he noticed that it was the first time he said it and it didn't hurt, not even a little bit. The two of them broke up not even two months later.

Graduation came. A new job came. Then another one. He bought a nice apartment in town and tearing up thinking about the fact that his parents would never see him happy in the profession he chose, buying things without their money, which remained mostly untouched. Using that money had always felt like a betrayal.

Then there was Linda, as beautiful as her name promised. She was a caring soul who worked in the building next to him as a secretary. She was a few years older and had a small kid, Manoel, who was three when Steve met them. The kid loved Steve at first sight and so did Linda. They were together for two years and Steve bought her a ring. He kept it in his drawer, waiting for the right moment to pop the question.

The moment never came because her ex-husband came back to her life and charmed her to think he was changed and things would be better. She apologized to Steve, saying she loved him but she owed her son to try it again. He tried to argue but she was convinced that it was the best for her son and Steve knew how that would make a mother do pretty much anything. Many years later, he would meet Manoel again, but as a social worker, and it would break his heart more than any relationship ever did.

A year after, he met Charlotte, Anna and Michael. They were all brief stories in his lifetime. Given a couple years or so he wouldn't even recall their names, maybe not even their faces. It was ok. Those people were important to him because they didn't leave him as broken-hearted as he was used to.

Almost two years ago, he left his old apartment to a new and bigger

one, that had two extra bedrooms. He decided to become a temporary caregiver to children. The decision to become a foster parent was made after too many nights working on cases of children who didn't have anyone to turn to, abandoned by their biological parents or family, or abused by others supposed caregivers; and thanks to a friend's advice.

He met for a beer with Dustin, who already was above the legal age for drinking and was dating a neuroscientist named Saanvi, that shared his passion for comics and science, making Steve root for them. And Dustin told him about his life at the university, pursuing his Doctoral degree as a scientist in some complex biochemistry stuff that just made Steve smile and agree. Noticing how weird his friend was acting, Dustin asked what had happened. Without further thought, Steve shared the weight his job had been having on him lately, being unable to help those kids as much as he wanted.

Dustin, being the cheerful person he was, suggested that Steve should take care of them like he did when The Party was younger and would make sleepovers at Steve's house just so they could use the pool - and use the pool to investigate the Up Side Down, obviously. The idea hadn't occurred to him before, however, six months later he got the approval to become a foster parent and changed to a bigger place.

Soon after, Ally showed up in his life. She had the funniest quirks and worked in a restaurant. She dreamt of becoming a chef one day and open up her own restaurant and Steve supported that, since he got to taste every food she made and it was delicious. Unfortunately, she wasn't as fond of the kids he brought home as he thought she was and tonight she told him that. She couldn't keep this up, he was great and she appreciated him for what he did for the children, but she didn't want kids of her own, much less the children of strangers. And he believes that was unfair because he hadn't had a kid in his house for the past two months.

Whatever... He was just going to keep drinking his beer and try not to cry at the mess his love life was. Which had gone through his mind like a biographic movie while Bon Jovi's voice sang about being wrong and rivers that weren't long enough. He had been so absorbed in his mind and in self-pity that he didn't notice the knocks on his door until they became more urgent.

He left his half-empty beer bottle on the coffee table that had too many food and crayon stains to belong to a proper functioning adult and got up. He imagined it would be his neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Kobayashi, who would bring their children, Akihito, a 5-years-old, and Kaori, a 7-years-old, when they had important meetings to attend since they worked for a big pharmaceutical company. At first, the married couple had thought that a 27-years-old man living by himself was suspicious, then they thought it was just sad, always willing to voice their opinions on his lack of a proper relationship.

He was the official babysitter for their kids for almost two years now and he didn't even have the energy to deny that anymore.

However, as he opened the door, the person standing on the other side wasn't who he was expecting. As a matter of fact, he had more hopes of greeting a demo-dog than the person currently standing there, looking at him with an old known smirk and blue eyes.

"Aren't you gonna invite me in, pretty boy?"

Steve couldn't see his own face at the moment, but he could bet all the money he had that he was gaping and his eyes were about to come off of his face. His mouth forgot how to work and his legs were torn between running away and falling. His arms were caught between wanting to close the door on the man's face or just holding him tightly.

"I'm waiting. Steve? Are you there?" The man waved his hand in front of Steve's face a couple of times before he came back to himself.

"Billy? What- What are you doing here? How- How did you find me? Ar- Wha-"

He was officially unable to finish his lines or his thoughts and Billy's smile was broader, the look in his eyes wild and breath-taking.

"Good to see I can still cause a reaction like that."

"You- You-"

"Again: are you going to let me in or you'll have your stroke out here?"

He stood aside, letting Billy in. At this point, he had no idea what was happening or what he was doing. His brain had short-circuited and abandoned him, a reaction that he used to associate with Billy a decade ago and still seemed to be true.

"What the fuck are you doing here, Billy?"

Hey, his brain was back! It was also sending shivers of anger and so many other past feelings. Feelings he buried ten years ago and had never been able to heal from.

"I'm fine, thanks. How are you doing?" The asshole said while seating on the couch like it was normal, something he had been doing for his whole life. Steve hated how easily he could just blend into his new life like that, no effort.

Steve calmed himself taking long breaths while Billy made himself at home on his couch, looking around the place with curious eyes hidden behind a nonchalant expression. Steve could read him like a book despite the years away and he allowed himself to observe the other man closely from his position by the door.

He noticed the hair first, it was much shorter, no blonde curls to be seen. His face looked older, looking more like a man than the boy he used to know. The light purple shirt was still obnoxiously open, showing too much skin. He pried the muscles underneath with some curiosity, and he believed that he was thinner than before. When he directed his eyes back to Billy's face, the man was staring back at him. Strange, Steve expected a lewd look but all he got was a hurt and defensive one, that same caged-animal-look he used to have when they began to talk in 1984. It was the look he gave when Steve got too close to something he didn't want to share.

Choosing to remain calm and not startle Billy into doing something stupid - or more stupid considering the circumstances -, he walked to the fridge again, removing two more beers. He would need a lot more alcohol than what he had ingested so far to deal with this, whatever this was.

"Beer?" He offered. Billy nodded.

"So... what are you doing here?" Steve asked after giving the bottle to Billy and seating on the other side of the couch.

Billy only shrugged while taking a large sip of the drink and Steve felt the anger boiling inside him one more time. He drank the rest of the bottle on the coffee table and opened his new beer, sipping it to help him swallow the words threatening to escape.

"Billy, look at me." He asked after minutes of silence. Reluctantly, he looked.

"I need you to tell me why you're here and how you found me."

There was a painful honesty in Steve's tone. He wasn't angry anymore, only sad. Along with these feelings, the memory of an old wound surfaced. These wounds had never healed and now it felt like he was ripping off whatever had been keeping them closed for all those years. He could feel the metaphorical bleed spreading across his chest, like an arrow to the heart being taken off and letting nothing but a bleeding hole.

"It wasn't that hard. Steve Harrington is a unique name. I mean, there were only other three or four on the phone list."

"Did you stalk all of those Steves, too?"

"No. This is the richest neighborhood, I just knew it would be where you lived."

Guilt spread across Steve. Despite everything that had happened to him, he would always be a rich kid, born into privilege. He knew this every time he helped a child that had starved for days or had never received new toys and clothes. He knew this every time he welcomed a child into his home and they asked if he lived there by himself and if that room was really just for them.

"You found me. Now, what do you want?"

Billy was nervous and Steve could tell by how his legs were shaking and his feet dancing on the floor. His eyes were staring into too many directions, roaming around the room and searching for a place to fixate his gaze that wasn't Steve. His shoulders were tense and his

hands felt odd, disconnected from his body.

"Sorry, I shouldn't 've come here." He rose to his feet and Steve was right behind him, holding his forearm before Billy could take another step towards the door.

"No, Billy. No! You don't get to show up at my door ten years after you left with no explanation and just run away again before talking to me. You don't get to do that to me again. Don't. Don't do it. Don't go." His voice was trembling and his eyes were shiny due to unshed tears.

He didn't want to start crying. Not now. If he started, he didn't know when - or if - he would be able to stop. And he didn't want to shed any more tears because of Billy Hargrove, who left him without saying goodbye, who broke his heart and never bothered to explain why he did it.

When Billy looked at him again, Steve broke down. Billy was crying and the memory of all those times Billy cried in his arms after his father had assaulted him with physical or verbal abuse came back in full force. He hated those days. He loved that Billy trusted him enough to show his most vulnerable and broken parts to him, but he hated it. He hated seeing the boy he loved like that, he hated that holding him was all he could do to try and make it better or, at least, less awful.

He remembered how they would plan to escape together. Billy from the abuse and Steve from the neglect. They would run away together and leave everything bad about them behind. And if Steve really thought about it, as he had prohibited himself from doing for so long, that was what really hurt the most. They had planned to do it together, yet, Billy left without him, leaving him behind along with everything he told Steve he wanted to get away from.

It had felt like he was one of those things that Billy wanted to get away from and he never recovered from that. All of those people that came afterward, April, Nathan, Linda, Ally, he was never completely with them because he wasted too much of his energy certain that, sooner or later, they would run away without him too. Even his parents had always been running away from him, being absent from

the most part of his life and now they were gone forever. How could he expect that anyone would stick around? How could he let himself believe that one day someone would simply decide that Steve was worthy of no longer running away?

They stood there, standing in the middle of the room, a turmoil of feelings inside them creating a storm within, raining at every teardrop. Steve took his hand from Billy, not sure that he wouldn't leave but without the physical and emotional strength to keep him there. Billy turned to him, the sadness palpable and he saw him swallow whatever he had intended to say.

At least two other songs played while they stood there, breathing, suffering, crying and waiting for it all to diminish, so they could talk or move or something. Anything.

"I'm sorry," Billy said and it felt odd to hear those words coming out from his mouth even after all these years.

"I'm sorry, too." It was his immediate response.

"What for? I was the asshole."

"You're always the asshole, Billy. No amount of time can change that." He had a smile on his face that spoke about old conversations and the familiarity of their old banters. He was rewarded with a smirk, that was beautifully closer to a smile.

"I shouldn't have left." He said simply and Steve knew it was about the past and about right now. "I- But I needed to, you know? He was gonna kill me, Steve. I've never seen him so mad like that day." Billy didn't have to clarify who he was talking about.

"And I was mad too. I was crazy mad. He punched me and for the first time, I punched him back. I punched him hard, I fucked up his face worst than yours at that day in the Byers' house. I left him on the floor, bleeding. And when Susan came to the room I was there, just fucking standing next to the body. She thought I had killed him. And I did too. I thought I had killed him, that I was going to jail. And she started yelling at me, said she was going to call the police on me. I- I got nervous, I almost beat her too, but I saw Max and Max yelled at

me and told me to go before something happened. I don't know what else could happen at that point, everything had already happened. I don't remember much, just that I grabbed my stuff, got in my car and hit the gas pedal. I didn't look back until I had driven for like twelve hours, I was scared that if I looked back the police would be right there to arrest me."

The words floated out of his mouth like a waterfall, strong and unstoppable. His voice was hoarse and desperate. His hands were flying around as he tried to convey every single fact and emotion that had gone through him that day. There weren't tears in his eyes anymore, just a mixture of sadness and madness, fear and fury.

The silence stretched between them once more until Billy was able to stop staring at the floor and had the courage to look into Steve's eyes, searching for something there. Whatever he found, it had been what he was looking for because he kept staring at him.

"I'm so sorry that this happened to you, Billy. I really, really do. No one deserves it. You didn't deserve it, any of it. But why didn't you, I don't know, called me? Just to say that you were alright or anything, really. Because I've spent all these years thinking that you just didn't want me."

"I couldn't. I thought I had killed him. I thought the police was after me and that you didn't need that in your life. You didn't need me screwing up your perfect future." Steve snorted at that.

"You had everything, King Steve. I still don't know why you were with me, I don't know why you kissed me in that parking lot or seated next to me at lunch after I beat your ass."

"Lack of survival instinct, I guess." He joked, knowing exactly why he had done all those things.

"I never deserved you and you didn't deserve my mess to spill on you."

"You didn't kill him, Billy. He was alive and well and left Hawkins days after you, he took Max away from the other kids and Lucas."

"Yeah, I figured that out when I didn't see any wanted posters with my face on. But, by then, I was three states away and just high on adrenaline, you know? I couldn't go back."

"You could've gone back for me. Or you could've fucking called, Billy. Shit, they invented the damn telephones so people could talk while three fucking states apart." He stressed, running a hand through his own hair, shorter this days as well, but not as much as Billy's.

"Sorry. That's- You know what? I'm not sorry. I hate that all of this shit happened to you and I hate there was nothing I could do to help. But you fucking hurt me." He pressed his index finger against Billy's chest. "Who the hell were you to decide if you were or weren't good enough for me? I chose to be with you, didn't I? Give me some fucking credit here."

Usually, in his day to day life, he couldn't swear much. He was always surrounded by children or teenagers and it just wasn't right to swear around them, especially considering that they had gone through trauma and some of that was verbal abuse from their parents or caregivers. Among his few friends there wasn't that much reason for swearing, no football games or anything like that to justify it. Thus, he felt liberated at all this unusual swearing.

"That's the King Steve I like. Hot and bothered." He gave a lewd smirk that made Steve blush and he took his finger from the other man's chest.

"I hate you." No heat behind the words. His heart beating faster and faster as it hadn't done in years.

The atmosphere around them changed, the weight of the air between them suddenly gone but electrified. He hated how easily Billy could actually make him feel like this. Ten years apart and Steve was feeling like in high school again, waiting for the other boys to leave the locker room so he and Billy could make out in the showers, seemingly without a care about the world. He blushed more intensely at the memories. Oh, if those locker room walls could talk...

"I didn't want to leave you. But, see, father didn't like you because you liked me. When he threatened to go after you I just lost it. I

couldn't even think about losing the only good thing in my life, and that was you. Shit, ten years later and you're still the best thing that has ever happened to me, Steve."

Steve felt his inside organs littering inside of him, it felt more like an armed revolution than butterflies. The beating heart was also a rebel, ready to hammer his way out of his chest cavity. The smile on his face was only surpassed by the look of utter happiness he was baring while hearing those words and seeing the sincerity behind them.

All the sadness from an hour ago, from the break-up, from every bad thought he had, from every nightmare, from every fear and insecurity, they were all gone during that time frame. None of his pain able to coexist, his whole body filled with nothing but joy.

"That smile means you're not gonna throw me out tonight?"

"Possibly."

"It also means that I'm getting laid tonight?"

Steve laughed at that phrase, such a Billy thing to say. Trade the seriousness for some sex joke. It had annoyed Steve sometimes because having a serious conversation with the boy could be a challenge on the days he didn't want to talk about something. Other times, it was just the right thing to say, to alleviate the mood and make things better without any effort.

"Play your cards right and you just might." He played along, unable to keep the smile off his face.

"I knew it! You've been crazy to ride my-"

"That's not playing your cards right." Steve intervened, still laughing.

He no longer knew what was making him laugh. He simply felt lighter right now than he had in ten years. He guessed it was the sweet sound of those old wounds closing, healing and leaving barely noticeable scars behind. It felt good and refreshing, it felt as good as that time in the parking lot of the school, moments before their first kiss.

So it just seemed fit to repeat the action.

He stepped closer to the man in front of him, touching his jaw in awe of seeing that same face, older but still within his reach. Billy put his hand over his and turned his head slightly to the side, placing a kiss in Steve's palm. Then, he turned his gaze at Steve, the full intensity of those fiery blues eyes upon him made his body shiver and he unconsciously bit his lower lip, anxious for the kiss that would eventually come.

But right now, they needed to look at each other, to wander their hands through the warm skin, to listen to their breaths and remain in silence, all of these to assure themselves that this was happening and wasn't just some illusion or dream. They both had had too many dreams in the past that were remarkably similar to this situation, so reassurance was needed. They didn't want to wake up and find out it had all been just their vivid imaginations, they wouldn't survive that disappointment.

Slowly, their bodies moved closer and closer, their noses less than one inch apart. Their lips touching, gentle at first, careful to not break the spell. Then more heated and aggressive, paying off for a decade of distance and kisses that should've happened but didn't. Their hands still wandering around and the touches getting stronger and longer and needier.

As soon as they took their first break from the kiss, breathing heavily against each other's mouth, Steve spoke, out of breath:

"We should go to my room."

The smirk he got in response said enough but Billy felt the necessity to speak up anyway.

"Told you've been crazy to-

Steve shut him with a new kiss that began in the living room and kept on going until they were in Steve's room, bumping into every wall and furniture in their way. When they arrived in the room, their clothes didn't survive long, thrown away and scattered on the floor like one would do with unwanted pieces of paper.

The bed was cold since Steve hadn't used it since that morning. But the coldness didn't last long with their bodies on top of it, a mess of tangled limbs and glued mouths. The desperate touch of two puzzle pieces that had been missing their other half for far too long.

Their lovers' choir filling up the bedroom and the whole house with promises and apologies and pleasure and the want for more. Their silence later, when the fire was out but the need to keep touching remained there, it was also filled with promises and apologies and pleasure and the want for more.

Billy had his nose close to Steve's neck, his head supported by Steve's shoulder. Their legs intertwined and their bodies close enough to cause the impression that they would merge into one. Billy's right hand above Steve's heart, his ego glad to know that he was responsible for that fast rhythm. Steve's left hand on Billy's hip, fingers on the exact pressure to not hurt, while still making the touch impossible to ignore.

The next day, in the morning, Steve woke up to an empty bed and his heart failed a beat, worried that indeed it had all been a dream, or worst, Billy left him again. Fortunately, all his fears were deemed groundless when he felt the smell of bacon and heard the sound of pans and other kitchen utensils being moved around.

Not even five minutes later he heard the sound of music coming from his CD player. It was the newest Metallica album, an acquired taste from his younger days with Billy that had never left him. Seconds later, Billy was at the bedroom door, speaking:

"Rise and shine, King Steve. It's Saturday morning and there's a lot to be done today."

"What there's to be done today?" He asked amidst a yawn, voice hoarse from sleep.

"You. Many, many times in many, many ways." He said thrusting his hips and raising his eyebrows, which made Steve laugh, feeling strangely giddy.

"You're an asshole."

"Yes, I am." Billy approached the bed, stealing a kiss from Steve, who made a face of disgust thinking how bad his breath could get in the morning. "Your asshole."

Steve released a pathetic sound, pulling Billy to another kiss, completely ignoring his bad breath or the lewd action of seconds ago, enamored with the concept that he had someone to call his own. Even if said person was an asshole who left him without explanation ten years ago.

"I meant that in the dirtiest of ways, just so you know," Billy commented after the kiss.

"Don't ruin this, Billy." He pleaded with a smile, indicating he was joking.

"I won't." He answered solemnly.

Steve smiled again, pulling Billy to the bed, ignoring his protests about the food getting cold. And so they started to do what they had planned on doing this weekend.

When they eventually got out of bed, the food was cold and the CD was repeating itself. 'Nothing Else Matter' playing and Steve sang along some of the words while they ate the pancakes and bacon.

"You liked this album?" Billy asked.

"I think it's my favorite. It's always on the CD player." Billy made a face that spoke clearly that he didn't approve of such thing. "Why? You don't like it?"

"It's ok, but nothing like 'Ride The Lighting'. Better for dancing."

Steve saw that for the invitation it was and stood up, offering his hand to Billy, who took it. The breakfast was already cold and inedible, no problem in waiting for a song or two. And just like in the past, they danced to un-danceable songs, holding each other's hands, unwilling to be separated from farther than the distance of arms reach. Steve's heart no longer broken, but repaired to new.

Author's Note:

In case you didn't notice before: I LOVE METALLICA. Billy's musical taste was pretty much my musical taste during my teenage years.

Sorry, I don't understand how USA degrees work. I tried reading about them and they got me even more confused, in my country things are a bit different. So I assumed Steve would get an Associate's Degree (2 years) as an Undergrad and decided to become a social worker during this experience. Then he pursued a Master's degree (+ 2 years), directing his classes and practices towards that goal. Does it make sense to you people from the USA or other countries that share that same division?

I have no idea if social workers can actually become foster parents, so I'm assuming he would only be able to offer this sort of care for some children and usually the ones he wasn't directly involved with. My mom's friend is a social worker, but I don't know how much of my country's law apply to this.

Did anyone watch Queer As Folk? Because the name of this series is totally a reference to one of my favorite scenes from the show.

I don't know if there will be more stories on this verse, actually, so I'll just mark this series as complete.

Thank you for all your support in my other fic. Every kudo, comment, and bookmark made my day. I know I didn't respond to the comments and I'm sorry for that, but rest assured that I read them all, more than once.

I hope the ending was able to compensate for the angst at the beginning of this fic. THANK YOU for reading! <3